

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

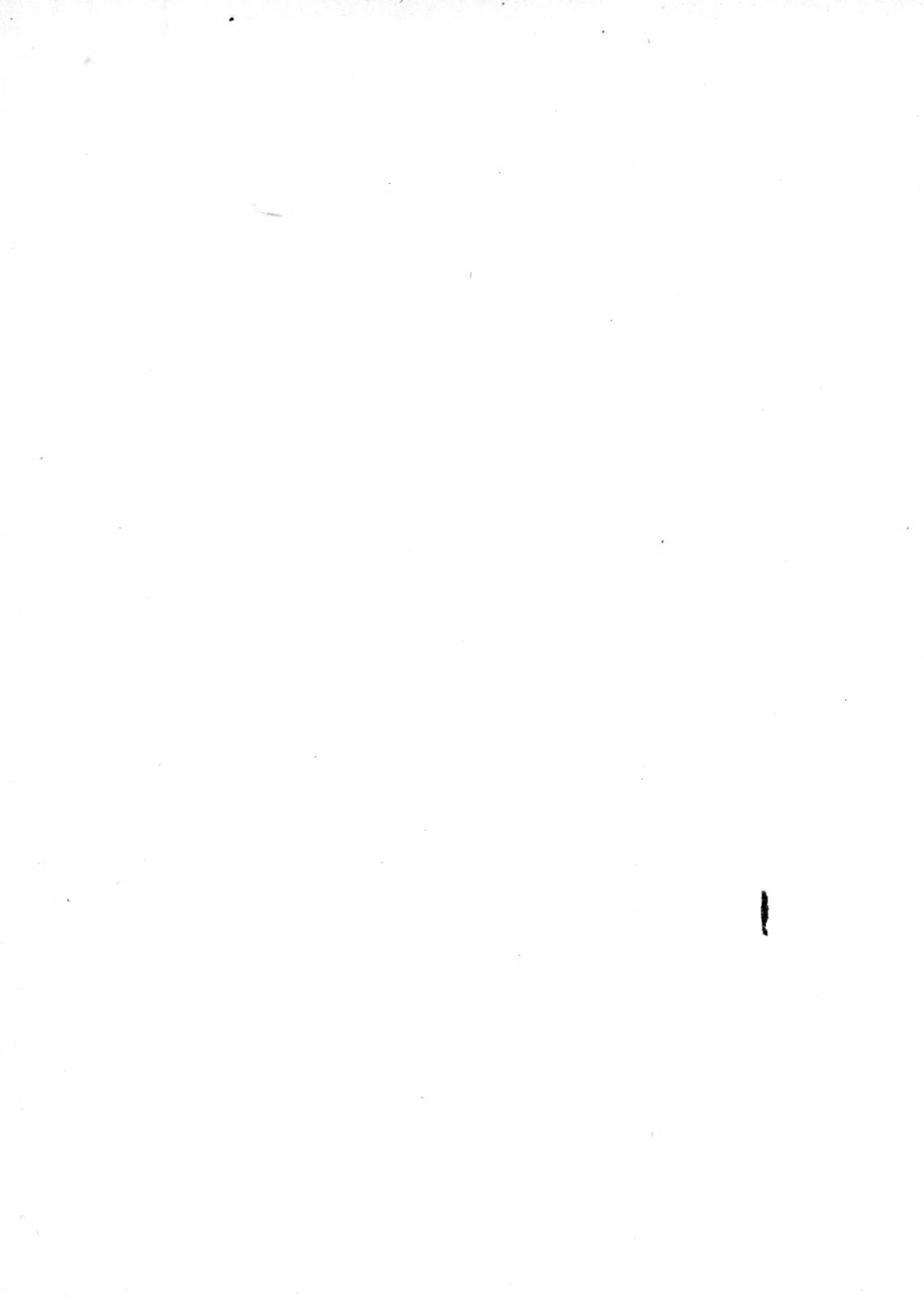
A
A
0
0
0
0
3
4
5
1
0
8





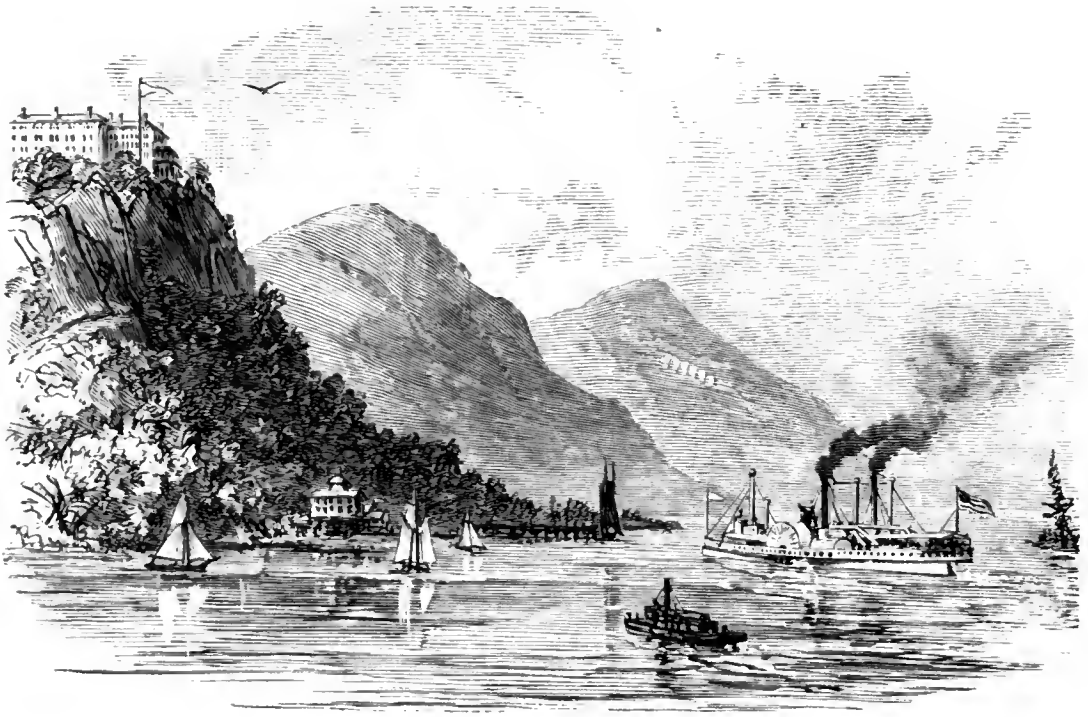
THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





200

Mrs H. M. Schiffelin
with the compliments
of Thos Lawrence



“ Oh, here is the place to bow down unto God !
In this holy temple, unmarred by man's hand ;
Its preachers not men, the frail heirs of the sod,
But wind, cloud, and sky, and the heaven-reaching land.”

(Page 54.)

POEMS

BY

THOMAS N. LAWRENCE

“Sunshine of youth ! that once fell o’er me,
Where is your warmth, your glory now ? ”

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM’S SONS
182 FIFTH AVENUE
1879



PS
2232
L43A17
1879

The fugitive pieces which are gathered within the pages of this little volume, are a part of the few efforts of the kind in which the author has indulged. They were, for the most part, written many years ago, early in life, at the time

“ When Nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.”

They are now printed as a memento for a few friends of the author.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MUSINGS	7
THE AMERICAN FLAG	12
AN INDIAN LEGEND	15
YOUTH AND AGE	17
HYMN TO THE STARS	19
THE PAST	21
SUMMER IS GONE	23
THE CLOUDS	25
WHAT I LOVE	26
LIFE	28
SHALL MAN CONDEMN HIS FELLOW MAN	29
TO COMMERCE	31
A HAZEL EYE	33
ROBERT BURNS	34
DEATH	35
ODE TO HOPE	37
AMERICA	40
TO MISS KATE ———	42
THE INWARD LIGHT	45
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS	48
TO A YOUNG LADY	50
WEST POINT	52
THE SKULL	56
THE POET	58

MUSINGS.

I.

'Tis sweet at eve, at tranquil summer eve,
When dewy twilight settles on the earth,
And night begins her dusky veil to weave,
To wander forth and ponder nature's worth ;
To view her mighty works : the dome of heaven,
Infinite structure of the Eternal Mind
Suspended, and a shield in mercy given
But to conceal the dazzling light behind,
Lest the unclouded blaze should strike weak mortals blind.

II.

In musings deep, and wandering slowly on,
I see the moon borne on her wings of light.
Our happiest moments are the soonest gone,—
Some dark cloud shades her, and 'tis doubly night.
I see the stars, as lit by angel hands,
Fancy conveys their images to view ;
Behold them roaming in celestial bands.
And these bright visions I would oft renew,
Though some will say I dream ; at times, perchance
I do.

III.

'Tis sweet to have some kindred being near,
Some gentle spirit, most divinely bright,
In whose soft voice the tones of love we hear,
And in whose form the graces all unite.

What more than this can make earth paradise?
This dearest idol of the heart's affection—
There's a divinity in her dark eyes,
A beaming lustre in their calm reflection,
Which wakens us to dream of heavenly perfection.

IV.

'Tis sweet to ride upon the breast of ocean,
In some proud bark that speeds before the blast ;
To feel within our souls the deep emotion,
As wave on wave sweeps hurriedly apast ;
To own the majesty of the creation,
The solemn grandeur of the mighty sea,
That ever rolls sublimely on its station—
Borne on its mountain billows, what are we ?
Frail as the leaves when winds are sweeping down
the lea.

V.

'Tis sweet to lean on Memory's faithful arm,
And through dim mists of vanished years to rove,
To think how Hope could once Ambition warm,
Ere disappointment's withering wreath was wove ;
Sweet to recall some joyful scene long past,
Some happy hour heart-treasured from the few,
When Pleasure's mantle o'er our forms was cast ;
When the swift days on rapid pinions flew,
And joy and gladness brought to lead us on anew.

VI.

All the bright visions of my early years
Have perished in the appalling flight of time ;
Struggling along this darkening vale of tears
Gone are the dreamings of my youthful prime.

In vain ! in vain ! The clouds close overhead,
The tempest sweeps across the gloomy sky,
And the lone wanderer moves with faltering tread,
Seeking an unfound boon with hopeless eye,
Where dim and dark the shadows of the future lie.

VII.

Thus must it be ! such is the fate of man !
Such is the story of poor human life !
Could youthful eyes the coming future scan,
The heart would fail for the unequal strife.
Lo ! through the gloom a radiant gleam outshines—
The darkness scatters like the fleeing night,
And clearly limned in brilliant, glorious lines,
Beyond the tomb there streams unending light
From the great throne of God upon th' eternal
height.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.—DRAKE.

That flag which led our fathers on
To rescue Freedom from her grave—
Which floated high in years long gone,
A beacon to the free and brave,
Has streamed o'er many a well fought field,
Has many a free-born spirit steeled,
Since first its blazon was unfurled
To hover o'er the Western world—
To hover o'er the ocean wide,
At once the glory and the pride
Of every heart that ever beat
Beneath that glorious standard sheet.

And it has stood where blood has flowed,
As flow the torrent rains from heaven,
When hidden by the sulphurous cloud
That from the cannon thundering loud,
With the iron sleet was driven :

And as it waved in battle, first
Unfurled before the Briton's eye,
So waves it now, where'er hath burst
From these freed shores the battle cry ;
And thus forever may it stand
Whilst freemen breathe a breath of air,
Whilst Liberty can raise a hand
To shield her own, her chosen land,
In beaming splendor there.

Methinks when countless years have flown,
When time is furrowed o'er with age,
When Europe's kingdoms are but known
As what they were from history's page,

I see that banner brighter grow,
 Unstained by years, undimmed by time,
But gathering splendor in the flow
 Of centuries, uncursed with crime.
In fancy's dream I see it now
Where many servile nations bow—
Kingdoms that once the world controlled
 But sunk in deeper shade than night—
I see that glorious sheet unrolled
 Resplendent as the morning light.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

There is a legend wild and strange,
An Indian tribe among,
That where their guardian spirits range
A harp from heaven is hung—
Which touched by an angelic wing
Sends forth celestial notes,
That ope the flowers which bud in spring
Where'er that music floats.
They pray the angel minstrel may
Strike loudly with his wing,
That the sound may pass far, far away,
And thus the Indians sing :
“ Oh, strike the full and sounding chords
To a high and pealing tone,
And let the wild and thrilling words
On whirlwind blasts be blown.

To the forest lone, to the desert cave,
Where'er the wild flowers torn
From their parent stems have found a grave,
Let that full sound be borne ;
To wake them from their dreaming bed,
To break the icy chain,
And bid them rise as from the dead
To hallow the earth again.
And let that swelling sound sweep by
To the broad and boundless deep,
And breathe its sweetest melody
Where the ocean flow'rets sleep."

They'll start as they hear the joyous sound
From coral grot, from gilded mound,
From sea-green caves where diamonds lie,
That dazzle the Naiads sparkling eye.

YOUTH AND AGE.

I.

See'st thou yon gay and festive throng
Who lightly bound with buoyant tread,
Their happiest hours of life along,
Ere youthful joys and hopes have fled?
The blood is flowing free and strong,
Through hearts which sorrow never spread
Her withering, blighting touch among;
Nor seared their feelings fresh and young,
Nor bid them mourn the dead.

II.

Years have rolled on : Now look again.
Thou see'st no more that youthful band,
So free from care, and grief, and pain,
Treading so gaily on the land ;

But scattered wide o'er earth and main ;
Now bowed with age ; and many a hand
That pressed to thine with friendly strain
Will never grasp thine own again—
They'll greet thee in the spirit land.

HYMN TO THE STARS.

Ye stars! ye glittering founts of light,
Unveiled before the wondering sight;
Ye tireless orbs that wander on
Through night across the heavenly zone,
Yon vaulted roof, yon arch of blue,
Spread out before the awe-struck view,
Seeming so near, yet so remote,
O'erwhelming all our highest thought:
Infinity scarce knows the bounds
Which hold you in your ceaseless rounds,
Forever circling in that light
That guides you in your endless flight.
You cannot break from out your sphere,
A power unseen still holds you there;
Forever willed through trackless space
To run your everlasting race;

Forever willed—oh, would to Heaven
That such a fate to me were given—
To blazon through those azure skies
To which our aspirations rise,
And shine with you a burning ray
To light the careless eye of man,
And mind him of his form of clay,
His earthly life a dwindling span.

Worshipped of yore, and deemed divine
What sacrifices at your shrine !
What hecatombs, what heaps of slain,
Have thousands offered up in vain !
Not now adored ; admired alone,
All bloodless is the altar stone ;
The sacrifice is now to Him
Before whose name your lights grow dim.

And men have looked with piercing eye,
And anxious faces to the sky,

To find perchance that star of fate
On which their good or ill should wait,
And dwelt with raptured eye to see
How bright their star of destiny.

Mysterious worlds! who can your birth relate?
Or say from whence ye did originate?
The mystery of mysteries around you lies;
A veil unpierced by mortal eyes.
Oh, are your founts as full of light,
And is your radiance still as bright,
As on that morning when the heavenly plain,
Listened with rapture to your primal strain,
And bent around you in its arch of blue,
Your mighty hymn of gladness pealing through?

THE PAST.

The Past! the Past! what sad thoughts cling
Around that mournful word;
How many sacred feelings spring,
In memory's fountain stirred.

Of hours—of days—of years gone by,
Of pleasures long since fled—
Of friends for whom in vain we sigh
Those friends are with the dead.

Our childhood's home, our early years,
Come thronging at the call;
And wring from out our hearts the tears
That chasten as they fall.

The inmost soul must wake within
The most unfeeling breast,
When thoughts like these revive again,
That long have been at rest.

SUMMER IS GONE.

I.

How quickly fly the gladsome hours
Of Summer, and her blooming flowers ;
 Which turn their faces from the breeze,
And bend their unresisting forms,
 Bowing before the stern decrees
Of Nature, and the God of storms.
 They blush beneath the sun's bright tinge,
That robes them in a thousand dyes ;
 Then shrink before his rays, and cringe,
And fade away before our eyes.

II.

As quickly pass the summer hours
 Of childhood's gay and lightsome years,
And Age with chilling aspect lowers,
 To blast each joy that life endears.

Summer is gone : I do not grieve
That she is passing from the earth :
For soon the hand of Time will weave,
Anew his garland at her birth.
Full soon her hours will come again,
And pass as swiftly as before,
And bear in their departing train,
The transient sweets of earth once more.

III.

I do not grieve ! A pensive sadness,
A feeling near akin to gladness,
A kind of melancholy joy
Steals o'er me, as I muse and dream
Of better lands, without alloy,
Where all is one perpetual gleam
Of Summer suns forever more,
Where bloom the human flowers that fade,
In second birth ; angels arrayed
In vestments fading never more.

THE CLOUDS.

The clouds, in fleecy folds of light,
Lie piled in surge-like foam aboon,
Casting their shadowy forms in flight
Before the dimm'd and darken'd moon.

Those shadowy forms, how bright they seem,
As floating on the brow of night,
They bear, in fancy's pictured dream,
The seraph-angels in their flight.

WHAT I LOVE.

I.

I love to see the lightning flash
 Across the red and flaming sky ;
I love to hear the thunder's crash,
The hollow waves' low moaning dash,
 Come murm'ring on the shrill winds by,
That soon will burst in louder roar,
And pile the surging waves upon the shore.

II.

I love the earth : its crystals streams
 That murmur on their pebbly path ;
Its flowers enshrined in beauty's beams,
Its trees that wave in golden gleams ;
 Yet the green earth no feature hath
But Time will crumble in his might,
And sink its splendor in eternal night.

III.

I love the sky : its arch of blue
 Begemmed with glowing orbs of light ;
Its queen of pale and silvery hue,
 Its king that dims my dazzled sight ;
 Its gorgeous clouds, with splendor bright ;
Those fires will die—the arch will fall,
And shroud the darkened earth beneath its pall.

IV.

I love :—but all I love will fade ;—
 All Nature's forms will pass away ;
But He, the almighty power that made,
He who the earth's foundations laid,
 Will live, and live beyond decay ;
And joyfully will gather in his realm
The children of his love ; all else o'erwhelm.

LIFE.

I.

Life is a sweetly flowing dream,
To the happy, the free, and the gay ;
Like a bright, clear, glittering, lucid stream
Bursting forth on a sunny day ;
Flowing o'er many a graceful swell,
'Mid flower-enamell'd meads,
Or winding through a shady dell,
O'erhung with embowering reeds.

II.

Life is a slowly lengthening path,
To the dreary, the hopeless, forlorn ;
Like a torrent that sweeps in gathering wrath,
O'er a fearful precipice borne ;
To the deep, the lone, and the hidden caves
Where the light hath never been—
Lost and unknown the murm'ring waves
Flow down unto depths unseen.

SHALL MAN CONDEMN HIS FELLOW MAN ?

Shall man condemn his fellow man,
To bear the scourge and wear the ban ?
Go ask the waves if ocean's roar
Shall ever sound in conflict more.
Go ask the earth, the broad wide earth,
If it can tell when it had birth.
Go ask it when its Maker's hand
The ocean severed from the land.
Go ask it, and the echo's din
Will sink, and ne'er be heard again.

Shall man condemn his fellow man,
To bear the scourge and wear the ban ?

The wildest thought that fancy brings
The brightest hope that in us springs ;
The sweetest pleasure, purest joy,
Will in the human bosom cloy.
But whilst the earth together stands ;
Whilst nature works the high commands
Of Him, supremely good and great
Above all human estimate,
Will man condemn his fellow man,
To bear the scourge and wear the ban.

TO COMMERCE.

Hail, glorious Commerce, Thine all potent chain
Links realms and nations in one wide domain :
Self-interest binds them, and makes firm the tie ;
Wealth follows in thy track, and shades of darkness
fly :

Not Wealth alone, Thou spurn'st th' ignoble word,
The lowest and the least thy course hath ever
stirred.

Hail then to thee ! Thou spread'st thy fluttering
wings,

And floatest o'er the deeps of ocean's springs ;
From clime to clime, that else for thee unknown,
Were lost to virtue, and with vice o'ergrown,
Were dead to all the nobler feelings of the soul,
Th' aspiring wish, the heart that spurns control,

The generous joy, the warm and feeling breast ;
The smile of kindness on the face expressed.
The mind of honor, open, candid, free,
Above all meanness or hypocrisy ;
Disdaining all the snares of low deceit,
And shunning falsehood with assiduous feet ;
Were dead to these, life's high exalting treasures,
These only real joys and lasting pleasures.
Hail, then, to thee ! where'er thy children tread
Wealth, Liberty, Content, and Honor spread.

A HAZEL EYE.

There's something in a hazel eye
That throws a potent charm around it,
To hold the lingering spirit nigh
The lustrous spell that bound it.

A hazel eye! it thrills the frame;
It has a strange and witching power
To kindle in the heart a flame
That dies not in an hour.

A hazel eye! whene'er its glance
With magic might is fixed on thine,
Beware! it may thy heart entrance:
It hath been so with mine.

ROBERT BURNS.

Praise to the bard !—his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown. HALLECK.

I.

His genius was a burning coal,
Lighted within his bosom's core,
Glowing and flaming o'er a soul
That poetry's own impress wore.

II.

His lot was cast in humble life ;
His name no princely lineage bore,
Yet kings would gladly meet in strife
To wear the diadem he wore.

III.

The crown of honor and of worth,
The bright unfading wreath that fame
Hath woven o'er the spot of earth,
Honor'd and hallow'd by his name.

DEATH.

I.

O, death ! thou angel of the night ;
A dark, a sad, a dreary blight,
 Destroying those we love ;
Breaking the dearest ties that bind
A fellow being to his kind,
 And oft with pain inwove.

II.

The gloomy, dark, and settled pall ;
The narrow bier that holdeth all
 The heart hath doted on ;
The slowly moving mass that throng
In sad and pensive mood along ;
 And all we loved is gone.

III.

The tomb—the dark and clay-cold earth
Must hold the gem of brightest worth,
That feels thy chilling breath ;
The fairest, loveliest, noblest born,
That ever shall the earth adorn,
Must sleep at last in death.

ODE TO HOPE.

Hail, Heaven-born Hope! thy radiant light
Is beaming on me now,
While darkness wings her dreary flight
From off my aching brow.
Sorrow hath lain within my breast,
Draining the life-blood from my heart,
Long in her pallid arms compressed,
Her dismal form must now depart.
Thy Heaven-lit smile assumes her place;
Gleams o'er my sorrow-stricken mind;
Lightens, but never can efface
The deep-worn traces left behind.
Bright as the gem, the starry gem,
That shines above me now—
The loveliest in the diadem,
That glows on heaven's pure brow.

Bright as the sun, the flaming sun,
 When blazing in mid-day ;
The beacon of the Almighty One,
 From Him a struggling ray.
Thou breakest upon the gloomy night,
 When sorrow rends the breast ;
A solace to the afflicted sight,
 A token from the Holiest.

Thou com'st when pleasure hovers near
 To light her on awhile ;
When danger chills the heart with fear,
 To warm it with a smile ;
When life is drawing to its close
 To point the parting soul to Heaven ;
To lull into a blind repose,
 O'er Error's path when wildly driven.
Ever a welcome guest thou art ;
 Ever a friend in joy or sorrow,

Thy habitation is the heart,
Thy promises are for the morrow.

Light of the world ! blest gift from heaven !
Pure being of another sphere ;
To thee alone the power is given,
To conquer doubt, to quell despair ;
To guide us in our ardent yearning,
Through childhood, manhood, youth, and age,
Ever thy star is brightly burning,
From heaven, the richest heritage.
All hail, sweet Hope ! my heart is teeming
With thoughts that words cannot express ;
Enough, thy light is on me beaming,
Enough that this is happiness.

AMERICA.

Land of the free! land of the brave!
No son of thine can be a slave!
Will never bow the knee to power,
Will never bear the despot's chain.
Their free-born souls would spurn the hour
They felt a tyrant's galling reign;
Their hearts are Freedom's altar high,
 Their breasts are honor's lofty shrine,
Where burns a pure and ardent fire
 Lit by the eternal power divine.

Such are thy sons; their noble sires!
All honor to their glorious name!
May we transmit their patriot fires,
Unquenched through countless years of fame.
Our noble sires, the honored dead!
 Their blood has crimsoned hills and plains,

But their free spirit has not fled—

It flows through all their children's veins.

Oh that some wand with magic spell

Might touch my lips, and bid outflame,

The burning thoughts that in me swell,

To blazon forth their deathless fame!

The hand is weak that guides the pen—

The golden words refuse to flow,

I cease my task, I strive in vain

To speak their praise, or try to throw

A brighter lustre o'er their well-earned glory,

Their names will live immortalized in story.

TO MISS KATE ———

Alas! alas! that time and fate
Should interpose 'twixt me and Kate!
That flower of matchless beauty rare,
Whose charms no language can declare.

Those sparkling eyes of hazel hue,
Those pearly teeth and lips so true,
Those hands, a type of Nature's skill,
That tongue whose tones of music thrill!

I went to church with her to-day—
I heard sweet lips so softly pray—
Her silvery voice rang low and clear
As seraph's from another sphere.

On the delightful sounds I hung,
And dreamed old Time again was young,
Fearing the Fairy sitting near
Might like a spirit disappear.

As we walked home beneath the light
 All Nature smiled to left and right ;
 The Highlands soared their skyward way,
 The Hudson rolled in tranquil play.

We loitered in a cottage fair
 Where sat a lady in a chair,
 Who lured her bird to sing a note
 That fell like honey from his throat.

Oh, Lady dear ! pray do not smile,
 Because you so my heart beguile ;
 Some younger, luckier, happier swain
 Will win the prize I cannot gain.

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

And now, farewell ! a call I owe
 On charming Madame B * *_*_ * *,
 Whose random ways and frolic grace
 Make welcome everywhere her face.

May countless blessings on you wait,
With happiness in every state ;
A home endeared by love and peace,
In which your joys will never cease.

West Point, July, 1877.

THE INWARD LIGHT.

I stood and watched the ceaseless tide
That passed along the street,
Where high and low move side by side,
And wealth and misery meet.

What storms and passions—love and strife—
What dreams of wealth and fame,
Pent in this struggling maze of life,
Burn on with quenchless flame.

The radiant sunbeam from on high
Shines cloudless on the way,
Yet, there are unseen perils nigh
Unlighted by the day :

Allurements and unnumbered snares,
Deceptive in their guise,
That tempt the Thoughtless unawares,
Seem from the ground to rise.

As motes that in the sunbeam play,
Or vapor in the air,
Or shadows at the close of day,
We pass and disappear.

O mortals drifting near and far
O'er Life's delusive way,
Where will you find a guiding-star
That will not lead astray?

Within there burns a holy Light,
Implanted by the All-wise,
To guide the erring soul aright
To glory in the skies.

If hearts world-charmed and proud would yield,
The spirit humbly bow
To that blest Light within revealed,
Christ's seal were on the brow.

For these the portals open wide
Of the celestial gate,
And guardian angels with them glide
To reach the mercy-seat.

New York, 1878.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

As on some dusky summer day,
When clouds and gloom obscure the sky,
We see far off the sunbeams play
While round us naught but shadows lie.

We see the distant waters gleam,
We see the hill-tops all aflame,
While near us rolls the sullen stream,
And thunders loud the storm proclaim.

'Tis thus when all around our way
The lowering clouds of trouble wait—
When all is dark, without a ray,
And crushed we bend to adverse fate.

Oh, then, beyond the earth's dark wall,
With clearer eye and keener ear,
We see the light celestial fall,
And sounds of heavenly music hear.

And as the shade the star makes bright
The light of day conceals from view,
So death will pour its flood of light
On mysteries undreamed and new.

Thus o'er the checkered path we tread,
The lights and shadows come and go,
Until, the riddle still unread,
Death solves Life's problem here below.

And o'er the threshold of the grave
A cloud with silvery lines appears.
The sun hath sunk beneath the wave,
But welcome to th' eternal years.

New York, 1878.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

O gentlest of the gentle born,
And loveliest of the fair,
Thy presence cheers the heart forlorn,
And lifts the soul from care.

The light of truth is in thine eyes—
O'er thy bewitching face,
Like transient hues in sunset skies,
The changing beauties chase.

Thy jewelled hand, so soft and small,
Its pressure starts a thrill,
That makes the heart responsive fall
A captive to thy will.

The beauty of the butterflies
Is in their outward dress—

Thine outward beauty typifies
Thine inner loveliness.

Oh, may'st thou ever be as now,
Dear, peerless friend of mine !
May sorrow never shade thy brow—
Unending joys be thine !

Fit homage due I yield to thee,
And give it all with grace ;
Let me but hope that I may see
A welcome in thy face.

Oh did I love as I should love
My heart would ne'er be free,
But all its inmost feelings move
In sympathy with thee.

June, 1878.

WEST POINT.

I slept on the heights of Parnassus last night,
I drank from the waters of Helicon's stream,
And when I awoke at the dawning of light,
I sighed when I found 'twas no more than a dream.

I sprang from my couch, to my dreams bade farewell,
And looking out on the green Highland Hills,
I felt in my soul such ennobling thoughts swell,
As when Nature's wild grandeur the heart deeply
thrills.

Away from the City's loud bustle and hum,
Away from its crowds and its turbulent streets;
Melodious the notes of the wood-robins come
In ravishing strains from their sylvan retreats.

The incense of morning floats sweet in the air
As rich the aroma as spice-lands contain ;
It comes from the height and the deep mountain
lair—
From flower, shrub, and pine tree, and grain-
freighted plain.

The Ages roll on in their untiring race ;
Yet on these bald rock-peaks and hill-tops sublime,
We look and detect not a sign or a trace
That tells of the change or the ravage of Time.

Oh, the infinite beauty of Nature is here !
On wild mountain summits unconquered by man,
She reigns as at first, in a virginal sphere,
Unchanged her dominion, unaltered her plan.

Oh, here is the place to bow down unto God !
In this holy temple, unmarred by man's hand ;

Its preachers not men, the frail heirs of the sod,
But wind, cloud, and sky, and the heaven-reaching
land.

Old Putnam's white ramparts look down from the
steeps ;

The Sugar-Loaf Mountain climbs up to the clouds,
And Anthony's Nose in the far distance sweeps—
Beyond it, the hills in their mist-circled crowds.

The Hudson majestic, the noblest of rivers,
Dear stream of my love and fond admiration,
Flows through its deep channel in tremulous quivers,
Bearing down on its breast the wealth of a nation.

And there in the distance the swift *Powell* gleams
Under ANDERSON'S guidance, the Queen of the
Tide ;

How graceful her lines as she catches the beams
That crown her with light, as she comes in her
pride.

And through the lone valley, so worthy *his* name,
Aloft on his pinion the bold Eagle flies
And floateth along in the morning's bright flame,
Till he's lost to our sight in the depths of the skies.

Cozzens' Hotel, June, 1878.

THE SKULL.

The human skull !—Oh, who can tell
The workings in that little cell?—
The thousand changing thoughts that spring
On Fancy's ever fluttering wing?—
Glad thoughts, sad thoughts—a phantom train—
Flit through the chambers of the brain.

Oh, who can tell the joys that rise
And sparkle in our soul-lit eyes?
The hopes that warm, the doubts that chill—
The waverings between Good and Ill?
The anguish of the tortured heart,
When struck by sorrow's piercing dart,
That rankles with unceasing smart?
The thundergust's of Passion's power,
When Anger rules the stormy hour—

And her wild rage sweeps o'er the mind,
Leaving a shattered wreck behind—
Strained to intensest agony—
Tumultuous as the heaving sea.
Like to yon cloud, which, dark as fate
Holds on its course in silent state,
Till lightning rends its gloomy veil,
And tears to shreds its shattered sail:—
E'en so our soul, when passion-tossed,
Becomes a wreck, and we are lost.

Oh, who can tell the thoughts unspoken?
The secret vows—the kept, the broken?
Who shall unlock the mystic chain
Which binds the workings of the brain?
Who shall unroll the web of mind—
The tangled thread of thought unwind—
Fathom the secrets of the soul,
And solve the mystery of the whole?

THE POET.

There are in life a thousand themes
That touch the poet's ardent soul—
A thousand thoughts, like sunny gleams,
That o'er his dreaming spirit roll.
How sweet the breath of summer skies,
How gay the flowers that greet the sun,
How softly fair the landscape lies,
How calm the rivers run.
The poet's soul is like a star,
'Tis like all pure and brilliant things ;
A rainbow to our eyes afar,
Borne up on angels' wings.
In words of flame his thoughts are traced,
And branded on the melting heart ;

Like signet seals by wax embraced,
Th' impression forms the fairest part.
But as yon Lyre that lights the skies,
Whose strings eternal hymnings pour—
Whose liquid glory fills our eyes——
In radiance from the heavenly shore ;
Even so his words, like yon sweet vision,
(The hymnings of his sacred lyre,)
Will trance our souls in dreams elysian,
And light our eyes with heaven-born fire.

And life is as an open book :
He reads the moral on its page,
And kneels with reverential look,
And owns its precepts sage.

He scans the heart—his eagle ken
Detects the inmost feelings there ;
He roams amidst the haunts of men,
Or fancy-led through fields of air—

Or, pilgrim-like he seeks the spot
Where genius lies entomb'd in dust,
And tearful sees the marble rot,
Regardless of its sacred trust.

The jade, Ambition, goads him on,
To climb the slippery heights of fame :
No echo from her lofty throne
Swellis to prolong his name.

His struggling spirit bears him up,
To face the world and its cold sneer—
To drink from misery's drainless cup,
And die,—*then* be immortal here ?

Bear witness all ye mighty shades,
Who suffer'd scorn, and want, and woe ;
Whose genius, like the air pervades
Each spot where'er we go.

Time was, in Eden's blooming bower,
Six thousand dreamy years ago,

A lover knelt, and owned the power—
The witchery that love can throw.
The Ages tread with solemn pace,
Tracking deep furrows in the ground,
Like giants in their rapid race ;
Earth reels beneath their bound.
But still the self-same tale is told,
And love is still the burning story :
The poet's heart can ne'er grow cold
While woman smiles or earth has glory !

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

PS Lawrence -
2252 Poems
L43A17
1879

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 034 510 8

PS
2252
L45A17
1879

